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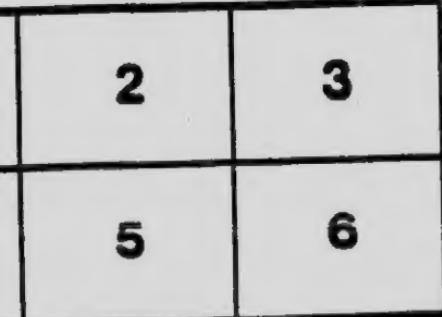
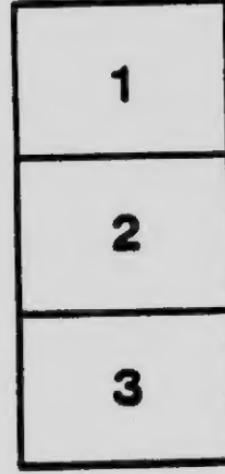
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AND
NEW BRUNSWICK

nest in every country, and constitute all three in one neighborhood. The base and extending to the east and north of the river St. John, north of King's County, and extending to the Restigouche river and northeastern embouchure. This portion of the Province has been described as a vast game preserve, ranging one hundred and fifty miles to the northeast, and having in some places a width of more than one hundred miles east and west. Some of the meadows are very large, there being a record of a meadow between tips of antlers of forty-six leaders, while those with a circumference of forty leaders are frequently met.

The whole of what is called the North Shore in New Brunswick, that portion extending from the Contrecoeur along the Baie de Chaleur, is a narrow and treacherous country. The Restigouche itself, with its tributary streams, is perhaps the best known river in the world, while such streams as the Restigouche and Madawaska are well known to fishermen everywhere. The sea trout found in the lower parts of the New Brunswick rivers are notable for their size and quality.

Of recent years much attention has been given to the preservation of game, in New Brunswick, and with such success has this law been enforced that instead of there being a diminution of sport, there is really more of it than there was a score of years ago. The moose are not being shot—indeed indiscriminately; and may be said to be building their own, while deer and caribou are undoubtedly on the increase.

The following is a summary of the Game and Fishing Laws of New Brunswick.

Class season for moose, caribou, or deer, from November 10 to September 15 fol. fees: Penalty \$10. One person shall take but one half moose, one caribou, and two deer in any one day. Penalty \$20 to \$50. Licenses must be taken out and be signed by Surveyor General; penalty \$10 to \$50. It is unlawful to hunt moose or caribou out horn after sunset, or out, bear before sunrise, during open seasons. All traps and snares must have licenses, as provided by law. No person shall hunt, wound or kill any cow or calf moose at any time. Penalty \$100. They are not to be used in hunting moose, caribou or deer. Penalties from a sum

light, lights or artificial lights are prohibited. Penalty \$100.00. Game, such as moose, caribou or deer, may be caught in traps. Under a party holds a license to hunt moose, caribou or deer, it is unlawful for game to accompany him. Penalty \$100.00.

or other wild fowl, nor any artificial light be used. Penalty \$50. It is unlawful to shoot wild game, hawk, teal, woodcock, or black duck, between December 1 and September 1 in any year. Hunting ducks, etc., between sun-down and sunrise August 1 to December 1 prohibited on Shelduck marshes. No robin, swallow, or other song birds, or sea gulls, shall be killed or taken or their nests disturbed.

The Surveyor General may issue a special license for killing birds or animals to be used for preservation as specimens of natural history or scientific investigation. Every holder of license must produce same on demand of justice of the peace.

warden, deputy warden, or special warden. Penalty \$20 for refusal.

Any person suspected of violating the Game Laws in any way may be arrested without warrant, and any justice of the peace may deal with the offender according to law.

Under condition of the Act, a bounty of Rs.10 is allowed for every wild cat and tiger killed.

No person who is not a resident of the province can act as guide or can help special permission may be obtained to sell any gift. We or anyone within

days after season has closed, provided the same has been killed in open season. In shipping, every moose, caribou or deer, etc., sent therefrom, must be open to viz.

tagged and labelled with name and address of owner, and accompanied by him. Penalty \$50 to person.

One witness may enter and search any premises where game illegally kept is suspected to be held. Refusal is punishable by a fine of from \$10 to \$50.

or deer, or persons returning information, are liable to a fine of from \$10 to \$50, or two months' imprisonment.

Non-residents of the province must take out license before hunting any game, birds or animals in WV or Monongalia county.

It is illegal to kill any shore or other birds along the coast of Northumberland Strait, Gaspé or St. Lawrence, or Baie Chaleur, between Dec. 11 and the following

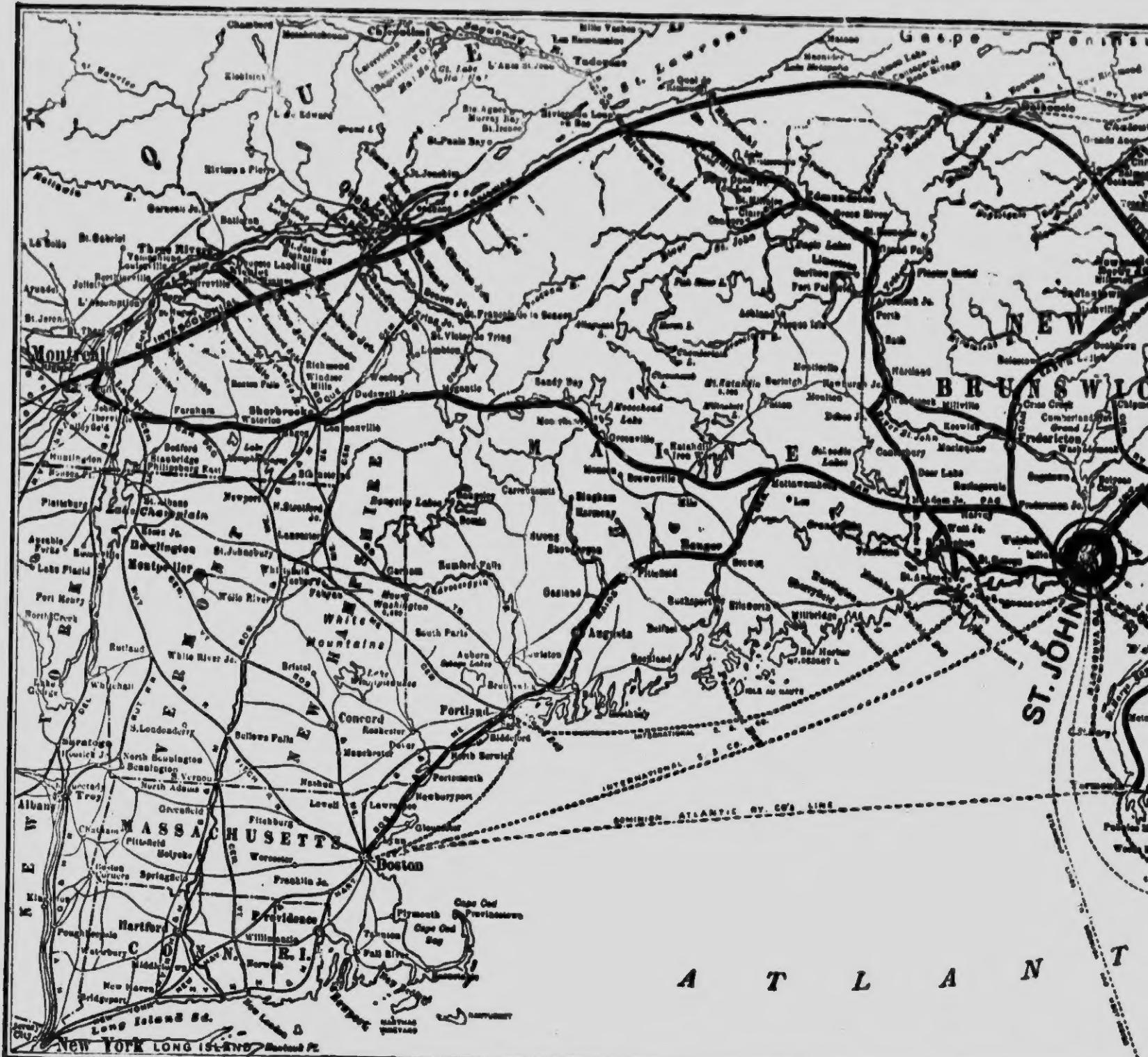
There are a number of other provisions in the Game Laws relating to animals or birds which can be turned on an offender.

OPEN SEASON FOR FISHING.

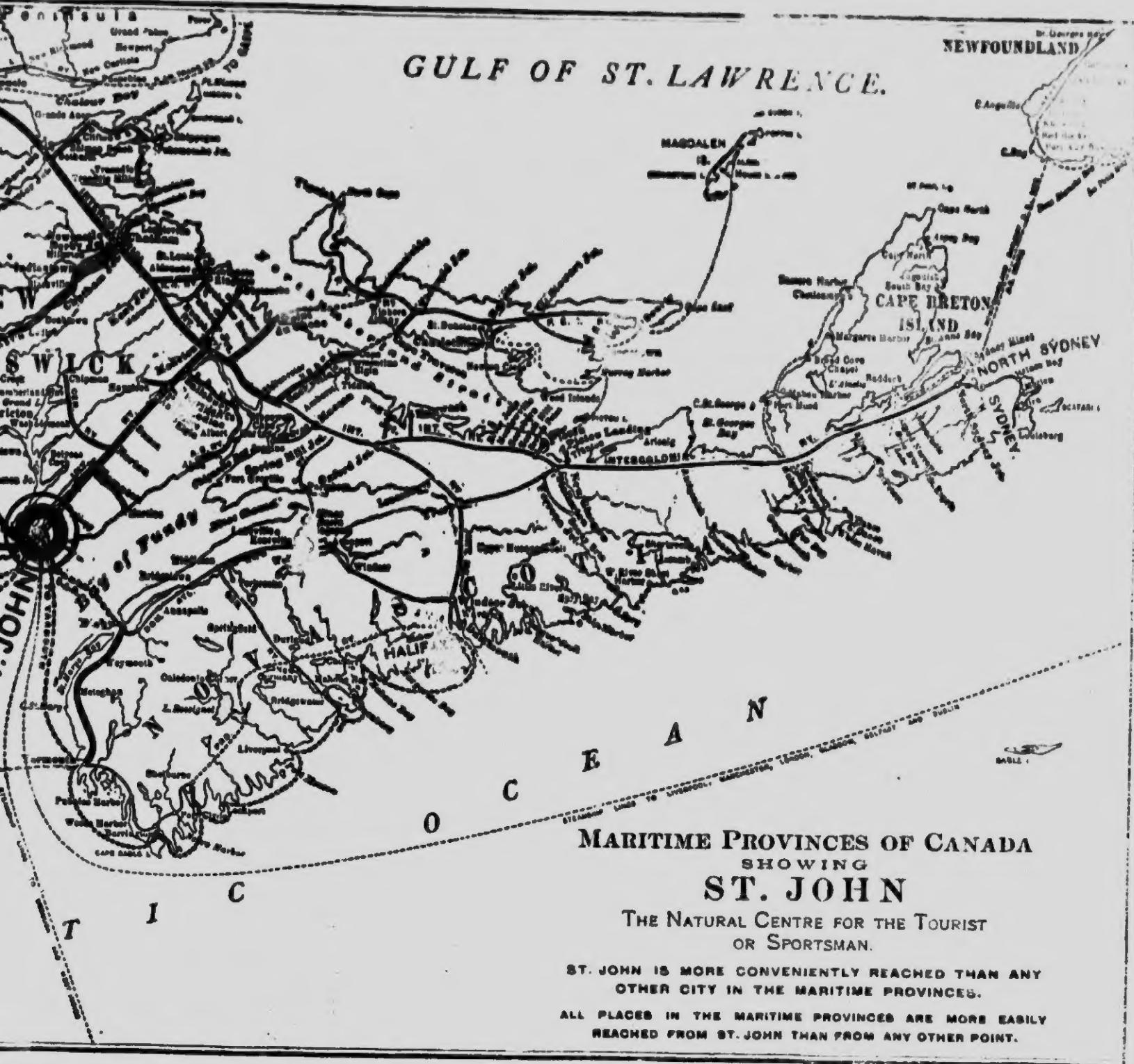
1955—August will be the last month for bass to reproduce in New Brunswick at all times of the year.

OPEN SEASON FOR FISHING.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK — BUNTING AND FISHING RESORTS. GAME LAWS, ETC.



GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.



It is claimed that New Brunswick has more big game to the square mile of its territory than any other province of Canada. At least one-third of the province is good hunting ground and most easily reached, from the fact that in New Brunswick, as a whole, there are more than sixteen hundred miles of railway, or a mile of rail, way for each nineteen miles of area. Moose are found to be at least twelve, of the deer, ven, quail, and other game or caribou in all her two winter portions of about two

No partridge may be hunted or destroyed prior to September 15, 1905. Woodcock and snipe may not be killed between December 1st and September 1st of any year. It is unlawful to buy or sell the carcass, or any part thereof, or the game of any animal or bird, or nests or eggs thereof, at any time during the closed

No parridge may be hunted or destroyed prior to September 15, 1925.	Woodcock and snipe may not be killed between December 1 and September 1 in the following year. Penalty \$10.	It is unlawful to buy or sell the carcass, or any part thereof, or the green hide or pelts of any animal or bird, or nests or eggs thereof, at any time during the close season.	For full information apply at "Kennedy House," or to W. E. Gillett, 56 Marion Street, N. B.
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QUEEN SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

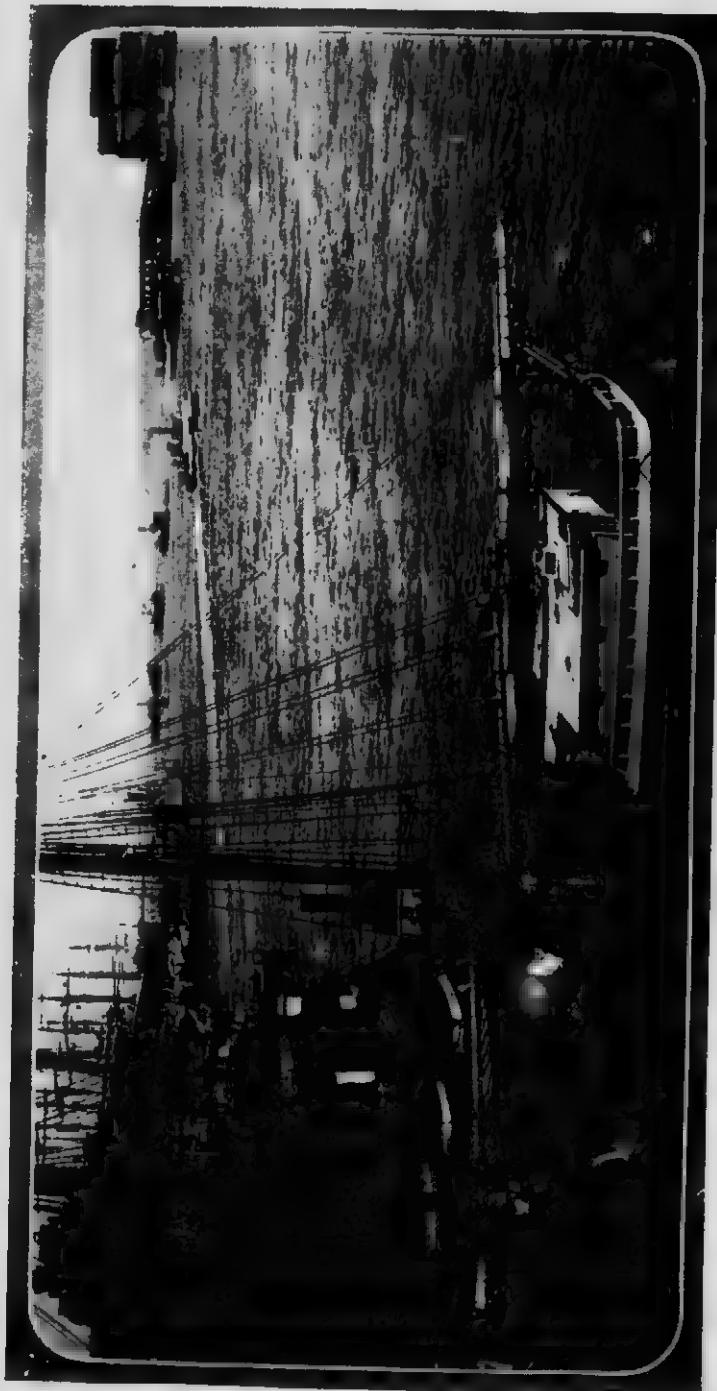
ST. JOHN, N. B. A PORTION OF THE WATERFRONT.



HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE SAINT JOHN



OULD YOU reach Saint John, New Brunswick—the centre of travel for the Atlantic provinces of Canada? Then a fine line of steamers and two great lines of railway, with lesser routes, will take the tourist there with speed and comfort. He may spend the summer days in that picturesque "City of the Loyalists," breathing in the invigorating air, and lingering amid the breezes that are wafted in from the Bay of Fundy. Natural features of rugged beauty, and scenes of historic interest will tempt him to prolong his stay,—the beetling cliff, the rounded hill, the worn and tilted rocks, telling of mighty upheavals and the forces that worked in the long ago; the wonderful "reversing falls," at the mouth of the Saint John river, and how they were formed; scenes of historic interest telling of the aboriginal dwellers of the past, the struggles for mastery between the French and English, and the making of the country by the loyalist forefathers; the varied incidents and relics which tell of the efforts to carve homes out of the wilderness, hew down rocky barriers into streets, build wharves and ships for commerce, and rear the edifice of a stable city government. These are of surpassing interest to intelligent visitors, telling of human effort and progress in the triumph over rugged nature.



SHIPPING IN ST. JOHN HARBOR.

Perhaps the visitor to Saint John from the West may choose to come by one of the fine steamers of the Eastern Steamship Company. If so, there may pass in imagination before him the thousands of craft of every size and shape that have ploughed the waters of the Bay of Maine and the Bay of Fundy for the past three hundred years—from the Atlantic-tossed barque of Champlain, the discoverer of the Saint John, to the great ocean steamships of modern times. The rugged coast line of southern New Brunswick, the bold headlands of Grand Manan and Campobello, the intricate maze of countless islands and inlets around Passamaquoddy Bay, form a picture to delight the lover of natural scenery. The tides sweep resistlessly in and out, circling around islands and headlands, either pouring their floods without stint into bays and rivers, or ebbing away to leave bare the fucus-covered rocks, or the half-bared hull of a fishing vessel stranded upon the beach of some sandy cove. The hardy fishermen are busy securing the spoils that the tide has brought them, or are resting from their toil. Near the shores of Grand Manan we may see the Indian skilfully guiding his frail canoe amid the swirling currents, hunting the porpoise and gathering in the harvest of the sea, as his forefathers did in prehistoric days.

If the tourist to Saint John wishes for more variety, and less of Fundy's sometimes boisterous mood, he may cross the fringe of the Northern Atlantic by night in one of the fine sea-going steamers of the Dominion Atlantic Railway Company, from Boston to Yarmouth, thence by rail through Western Nova Scotia to Digby. As he passes by Acadian settlements, the "gables projecting over the basement, which protect and shade the doorway" of Norman cottages, the dark-eyed *habitants* and groups of merry children playing about the doors, will recall the simple Acadian farmers of long ago.



*Salmon & Mackerel
Boats*



(Inspecting Nets for repairs)

The commodious steamer "Prince Rupert" will take the traveller across the Bay of Fundy in a little over two hours, and, refreshed by the cool breezes, he will find himself at Saint John towards the close of a summer afternoon.

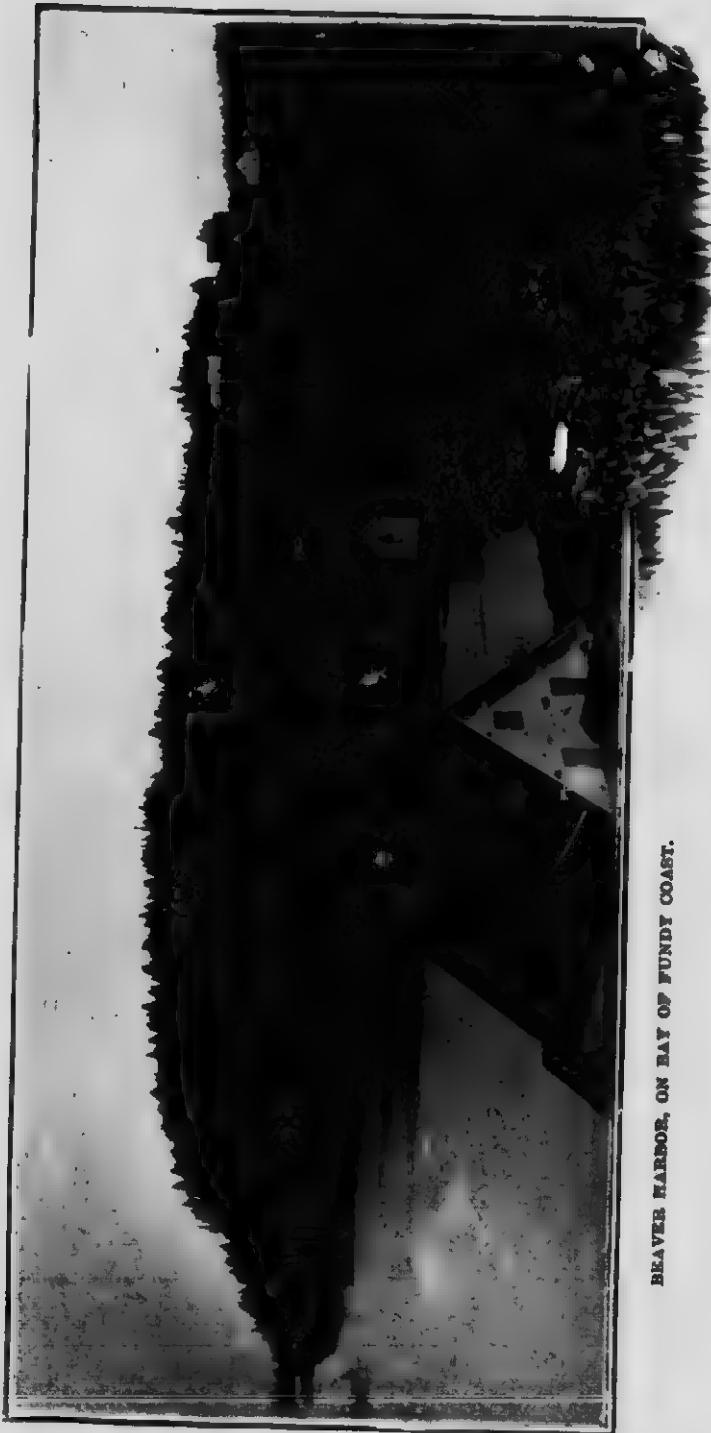
Among many trips across the Bay, the writer remembers one a few summers ago, and the memory

of it will not fade because of the matchless beauty of the scene. The surface of the bay was like a mirror, across which the occasional puff of a summer breeze caused a tremor on the water, or an idle flopping of the sails of countless fishing boats, while far up and down the bay great ships, like pictures, waited for the breeze that would not come. Behind frowned the north mountains of Nova Scotia, while farther eastward than the eye could reach was Blomidon,



ROCKS AT GRAND MANAN.

where the once mighty Glooscap had his home. Digby Gut, the little gap in the North mountains through which we had just passed, and whose seething and restless tides were still for once, was the gateway that Glooscap made for the Annapolis river when he drained the Valley to make it his garden. In front of us lay the city, bathed in the warm glow of the afternoon sun, while to the north lay the strong background of countless peaks and ridges,



BEAVER HARBOR, ON BAY OF FUNDY COAST.



STEAMER LEAVING FOR NOVA SCOTIA.



GRAND MANAN, AN WK PASS ALONG THE COAST.

GRAND MANAN, AS WE PASS ALONG THE COAST.



BRIDGE AT ST. STEPHEN.
ON THE ST. CROIX.

capped by the distant Bald Mountain, 1400 feet above us. On the west side of the harbor we were nearing are the Carleton Heights, crowned by the sentinel Martello Tower, and beneath it Partridge Island, with its warning lighthouse. The low lying sun, and the clouds of purple and gold, reflected countless rainbow hues and tints from the hills and waters around us. The memory of such a day is a perpetual joy!

If the tourist does not wish to come to New Brunswick by sea, he may enter it by the Intercolonial Railway, passing in view many of its noble rivers, catching glimpses of the sea and long views of coast line, without paying the tribute that Neptune exacts from some of those who venture upon his realm. No matter where the tourist may pass through New Brunswick, there will be the charm of forest clad hills, the varied and picturesque beauty of lake and river, the cultivated valley and hillside, dotted with comfortable homes, and where the evidence of contentment and industry.

Passing eastward from Montreal to Quebec, over the Intercolonial Railway, in full view of the broad Saint Lawrence, there will be recalled to mind the beginnings of Canada,—its discovery, the first feeble colonies, harassed by Iroquois enemies, and then the long struggle for supremacy between two great empires. The narrow farms, the long rows of villages centred by church and convent, the tri-color floating from diminutive flag-staffs, the careless gossip of groups of *habitants*, tell us of a France in language, temperament and religion as real as when the French flag floated over the citadel of Quebec.

Should the traveller "change cars" at Rivière du Loup, and turn southward over the Temiscouata railway, he will pass through by picturesque lake Temiscouata into the valley of the Madawaska river and soon reach the fertile meadows of the upper

Saint John, where dwell the descendants of Acadian peasants, and where the sound of the Angelus still is heard as when it echoed over the homes of their ancestors in fair Normandy, or in "the village of Grand Pré," of faded memory.

Let us linger for a day at the Grand Falls of the Saint John and look down from many points of view at the foaming waters, as they make their headlong pitch and then career through the mile of gorge, chafing at their bounds; note the "well holes" that have been worn in the rocks by whirling pebbles in spring freshets; read everywhere around the legends that nature has written on the rocks during the thousands of years of persistent wearing away. The view from the train as we hurry along, winding down through the valley of the Saint John, crossing and recrossing the river, now far above the bed which its strong waters have hollowed out in past ages, now gliding along the borders of some terrace which was the river bottom before its channel



GRAND FALLS, ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.



FISHING ON THE UPPER ST. JOSE RIVER.

had dived deeper and deeper into the earth, will give an opportunity to study some of the rare natural features of this magnificent stream. Now past broader and smoother waters, where pent hills no longer shut in the eager flood, we see islands of emerald, and long stretches of fertile meadows and

FISHING ON THE UPPER ST. JOHN RIVER.



CANOEING ON THE UPPER ST. JOHN.

prosperous farms, the rich inheritance that the long toiling river-flood of the past has given to the toilers of to-day.

The grand river Tobique, and other branches flowing into the Saint John from the eastward, suggest canoe trips through the wilderness, with short portages to the Restigouche, Nepisiguit and Miramichi, rivers famous for the delights they afford to the sportsman and to the wearied denizen of cities. Here are great primeval forests, the home of big game—moose, caribou, deer ; here are woodland lakes and streams awaiting the cast of the angler ; here is found that exhilaration that comes from poling a canoe up swift streams and then dashing down long stretches of rapids, breathing the free air and taking in the glorious scenery of a northern wilderness.

The beautiful town of Woodstock spreads over a knoll which commands a far-reaching view of the Saint John river, one of the most picturesque and beautiful landscapes to be seen in any country under the sun. Railway communication between Woodstock and Fredericton does not yet permit us to follow the windings of the river, nor gaze upon the varied scenery of the gradually broadening valley. If the tourist will entrust his *impedimenta* to the railway, and himself to the graceful canoe of a Maliseet Indian, he will be skilfully guided through rapids, past the sites of the once great Indian villages of Medotec and Aucpac, whose palisades have long since crumbled to dust, and finally be led through a maze of islands that swings the tortuous river to every quarter of the compass. The experience will be a delightful relief to railway travelling, and if the guide of the canoe be the descendant of an ancient Maliseet warrior, and at all communicative, he will delight to recall the traditions of his race.

The fair City of Fredericton, the capital of the



THE FAIR CITY OF FREDERICTON
IS REACHED



province, with its shade of grand old elms, its Cathedral and Parliament buildings, beautiful in their architecture and surroundings, its University, on a hill overlooking a broad and beautiful valley, and gently undulating hills beyond, may make the tourist content to end his canoe trip here. Pursuing his further journey to Saint John by one of the comfortable river steamers of the Star line, the broad river, and the still broader meadows that now open out, will recall the time in distant ages when this



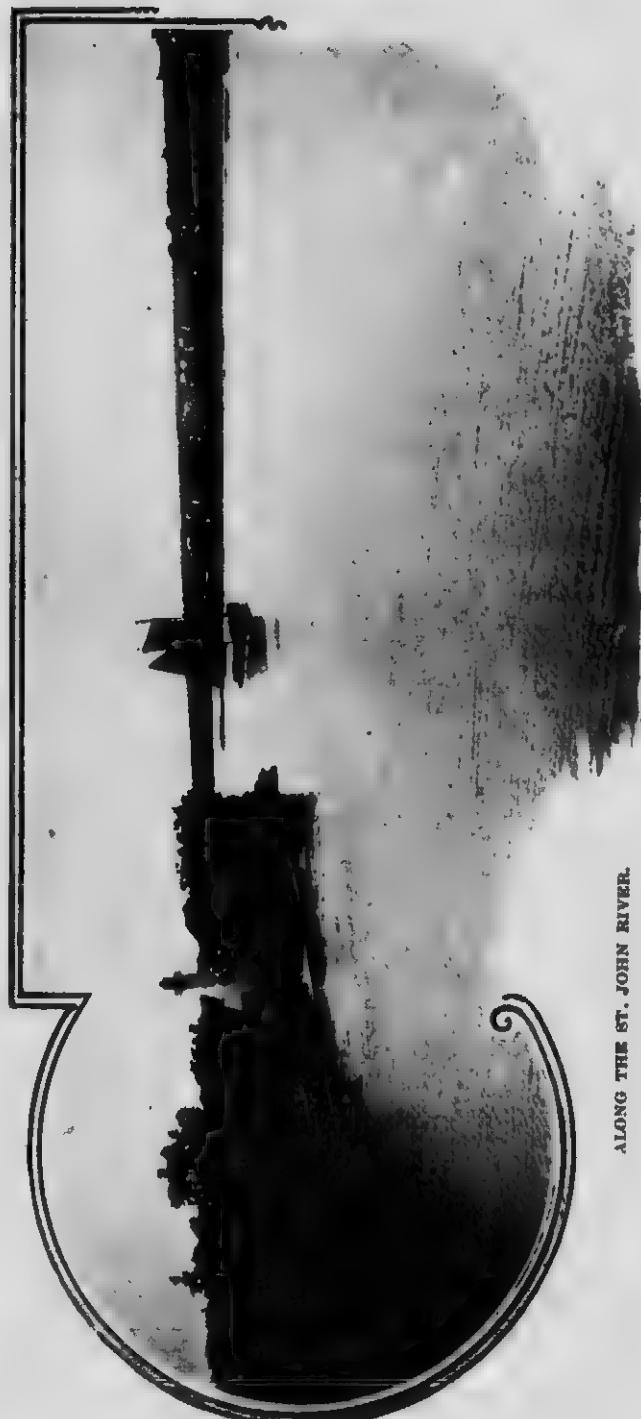
STEAMER LEAVING GAGEWOOD, FT. JOHN BROWN.

valley was part of a great inland sea, whose waves lapped the sides of the distant hills. Now the stately elms, the well-tilled acres, the far-extending meadows of Maugerville, and other flourishing settlements, tell of a time—more than a hundred years ago—when New England energy and industry began the task of tillage; and everywhere, on intervale and hillside, the sweep of the river brings into view a smiling landscape that shows how well the example of thrift and industry has been followed.

Lower down, on the right, nestles the quiet village of Gagetown, where two hundred years ago a French seigneur held his forest court, amid rude followers and still ruder savages. On the right we pass the entrance to Grand Lake, the Washademoak, and then the "blue" Belleisle opens entrancingly to view, with the promise of side trips at an early day. But Saint John is our mecca now, and passing the Hampstead hills, and the rugged scenery of the lower Saint John, we have feasted to the full on the glories of the ever-changing beauties of this river.

But if the tourist by the Intercolonial would enter New Brunswick by the "North Shore," he will continue his journey beyond River du Loup on the train hurrying along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Leaving this majestic river, and turning to the south, the railway winds through the beautiful Metapedia into the picturesque valley of the Restigouche, whose cool sparkling waters, from distant fountains in the wilderness, are ever the delight of the canoe-man and angler of the lordly salmon. As we near the busy railway town of Campbellton, the river expands into a broad estuary, on whose waters was fought the last naval battle between the British and French in their war for the possession of Canada.

And would you spend a few days in a quiet retreat, choose Dalhousie, a few miles distant, a pretty little village nestling close to the edge of the



ALONG THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

Bay Chaleur, its fir-clad heights and the sea-girt terrace—on which stands the old Inch Arran hotel—commanding a view of a distant Tracadie-gash and the mountains of Quebec.



MEETING OF THE WATERS, MATAPEDIA.

METING OF THE WATERS, MATAPEDIA.



CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

BATHURST VILLAGE.





ON THE NEPIGUIT,
THE RIVER OF "BOUGH WATERS."

Past green fields, and distant glimpses of the headlands of Gaspé, we come to the pretty village and town of Bathurst. Here the Nepisiguit—the river of "rough waters"—empties, descending from quiet lakes in northern New Brunswick, the abode of countless moose, caribou and deer. In this ever-changing wilderness river, winding through gorges and over boulders, the salmon and trout find many a lurking place.

Further south we reach the Miramichi river, on whose banks are the thriving towns of Chatham and Newcastle, and many villages. Toward the Gulf of Saint Lawrence the river expands into that broad estuary into which Jacques Cartier gazed on that memorable morning of discovery, when the fair prospect of trees, "marvellously beautiful and sweet-smelling," filled his senses with all the fresh-born beauty and fragrance of a New Brunswick summer. Years after, when strife for the possession of the river and its rich heritage of primeval forest had ceased, when the cheerful music of axe, and the clicking of hammer, was heard in the shipyards on its banks, the blight of forest fire blotted the fair picture of industry and contentment, and ruined homes and desolate wastes reigned supreme. But the trees grew, towns and villages were rebuilt, and homesteads again dotted the sloping meadows after the cruel scourge of the "Great Fire."

Speeding southward, Moncton comes in view—the railway centre of eastern New Brunswick. Here, twice a day, a tidal wave, the "bore," comes sweeping up from the Bay of Fundy, along the Petitcodiac river, stirring its muddy depths, and bearing along, at a safe distance from its dangerous crest, the home-coming fleet. South are the rocks at Hopewell Cape, sculptured in many curious shapes by wave and tide. To the east are Tantramar and those broad marshes, the wealth of Westmorland farmers, diked and



A CAMP ON THE NORTH-WEST MIRAMICHI.

reclaimed from the sea by the Acadian peasantry long before the guns of Fort Beauséjour thundered defiance to British cannon and New England yeomen.

If we would revel for a time in sea bathing,



THE "BULL," MONCTON, N. B.



branch lines from the Intercolonial would bear us to Richibucto, Buctouche, Shediac, and southward to Albert County, to the beautiful villages of Hopewell Hill, Riverside and Albert, within sound of Fundy's roaring tides.

Turning to the west from Moncton, soon the fertile valley of the Kennebecasis opens to the view. Past well-tilled farms, the homes of Loyalist ancestors.



and later immigrant; past the beautiful villages of Sussex and Hampton, we come to Rothesay, and in view of the broad Kennebeccasis, merging its waters westward into the broader Grand Bay. An ideal place it is for yachtsmen, and pennons float on the breeze from many a jaunty craft bearing the mystical letters R. K. Y. C. (Royal Kennebeccasis Yacht Club). The sombre "Minister's Face," a wall of rock, rises from the north side of the bay, and beyond is Clifton, perched on a sunny slope. But

the bay has its tragedy. The spot is pointed out where Renforth, the English oarsman, met his death while contending for the championship of the world with the famous Paris crew of Saint John.



A long way round it has been from the cities of the West, by the Saint Lawrence and the North Shore to Saint John, on its sea-girt peninsula, but it is a way rich in natural beauty and in historic associations.

If the tourist would enter Saint John more directly from the west, he may come by the shorter line of the Canadian Pacific, and Boston and Maine railways. Crossing the St. Croix, at Vanceboro, into



New Brunswick, the name of the river will recall the island at the mouth, where Champlain and deMonts spent their first lonely winter in Acadia, and it will also recall boundary disputes which threatened the peace of the border people for many years—happily long since settled. The stretch of country through which the railway passes east of Vanceboro is of little scenic or historic interest.

Perhaps at times we cross the long-forgotten Indian trails, of Maliseets of New Brunswick, and Penobscots of Maine, when they joined to celebrate their feasts and smoke the pipe of peace ; or when painted



ST. MARTIN'S, OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR.

Maliseet warriors, led by the French, stealthily crept through the forest to apply the torch to the homes of New England settlers, — returning to dance with savage glee round tortured captives at their camp fires at Medoctec and Aucpac.

At McAdam Junction, branch lines extend south-



A ROAD IN ST. MARTINS.

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ward to the progressive border town of St. Stephen, and the charming summer resort of St. Andrews, and northward to Woodstock and the upper Saint John. At Fredericton Junction there is a branch

WOODMAN'S POINT.
FROM LANGLEY STATION.



line to Fredericton. For some distance east and north of McAdam the country is almost a wilderness. There may be seen giant granite boulders, half buried in the yielding earth, and lakes hollowed out in the primeval days, when huge ice masses clasped the land in an iron embrace, excavating basins, and leaving huge boulders and drift on the surface to mark the retreat of the glaciers. Everywhere the country is intersected with streams, and dotting the surface are lakes innumerable, furnishing abundant fishing resorts.

Soon we enter the valley of the Nerepis, expanding into broad meadows before it flows into the Saint John, the beautiful stream winding hither and thither, its placid surface mirroring the blue sky or fleecy clouds, and the foliage of elm and maple, viburnum and alder, bending gracefully from its banks.

At the pretty village of Westfield we come in sight of the Saint John river, with its magnificent stretch of "Long Reach," fourteen miles of broad and busy current, losing itself to the eastward in the distant hills of Hampstead.

The whiff of salt air that comes up from the Bay of Fundy is an invigorating tonic to the tired traveller. Winding quickly round the curves that overlook Grand Bay, into which the Saint John and its tributary, the Kennebeccasis, expand before entering the "Narrows," the train reaches the bridge that spans the "reversing falls," and "slowing down" the tourist catches a passing glimpse from the car window of the ever-shifting waters of the rock-bound gorge, and the wondrous beauty of point and island, and spruce-clad hill beyond. Winding through rock cuttings, over trestle-work spanning ponds filled with lumber, circling the extremity of the busy harbor, we enter Saint John.

Why do tourists year by year come to Saint John

ON THE MERKIS RIVER.



in ever-increasing numbers? It is the charm of its rugged, natural scenery, its health-giving climate, its invigorating breezes, that give fresh life to wearied brains. Let the tourist spend his first day in taking in the wonderful landscape and sea views from the hills in Rockwood Park, from Mount Pleasant, Fort



REVERSING FALLS, ST. JOHN, N. B., TIDE RUNNING OUT.

Howe, and round by the Suspension Bridge to Martello Tower, with the busy harbor and city always in view. Nowhere can more varied and picturesque scenery be found. Let him spend another day at the Falls, and study all the moods and shifting scenes of the river that pulses strongly through the defile of rock, finding his way by twining paths to vantage points, where he can watch the strife between the river and the tides of ocean that has been waged for thousands of years.



REVERSING FALLS,
TIDE RUNNING UP.

The strong incoming and outgoing tides, the wide stretches of "Bay Shore," on the western side of the harbor, with the facilities for bathing, the many scenes of historic interest about the city, the busy life and enterprise of the citizens, the evidence of energy and industry in triumphing over obstacles. These and many matters of interest will cause the visitor to linger in this chosen spot.

Guides

For reliable information as to guides and hunting localities, the sportsman is recommended to communicate with the following gentlemen:—

L. B. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner, Saint John; C. Fred. Chestnut, Fredericton; Robert H. Armstrong, Newcastle; Henry Bishop, Bathurst; T. F. Allen, Andover; J. S. Bassett, Campbellton.

New Brunswick Tourist Association

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RQUESTS for printed matter, or for any further information, can be addressed to the Secretary, MRS. E. E. OLIVE, and will be promptly answered.

For the convenience of visitors to St. John, a Bureau of information has been opened at the St. John Board of Trade Rooms, No. 55 Prince William Street. The attendant will furnish information regarding all parts of the province. Apply at the Bureau for boarding places, also for tourist literature, time tables, etc.

HOTEL LIST.

PLACE.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETORS.	RATE PER DAY.
St. John.	Royal.	Raymond & Doherty.	22 00
	Dufferin.	E. LeRoi Willis.	1 50 to 2 00
	Victoria.	D. W. McCormick.	2 00 to 2 50
	Clifton.	A. Black.	2 00 to 2 50
	New Victoria.	J. J. McCoskey.	2 00 to 2 50
	Park.	Charles Damery.	1 50 to 2 50
	Grand Union.	W. H. McQuade.	1 00 to 2 00
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Andover.	Perley's.	J. Allen Perley.	1 50
Bathurst.	Robertson's.	George Robertson.	1 50
	Wilbur House.	Percy Wilbur.	1 50
	White House.	J. White.	1 50
Bonny River.	Sullivan's.	T. A. Sullivan.	1 00
Campbellton.	Royal.	William Sprout.	1 50 to 2 00
	Waverley.	Mrs. S. B. Jardine.	1 50 to 2 00
Campbellton.	Owen.	J. M. Lovett.	2 00
	Tyn-y-coed.	A. E. Jones.	4 00
Chatham.	Bowmer House.	F. Flanagan.	1 50
	Adams House.	T. Flanagan.	1 50
Connors.	Connors.	J. H. McInerney.	1 50 to 2 00
Bathurst.	Murphy's.	Thomas Murphy.	1 50 to 2 00
Berchster.	Windsor.	K. W. Cochran.	2 00
Edmundston.	Hebert's.	Felix Hebert.	1 50
Evansdale.	Vanwart's.	J. C. Vanwart.	1 50
Fredericton.	Queen.	J. McCaffrey.	2 00 to 2 50
	Harker House.	C. E. Coleman.	2 00 to 2 50
Bagotown.	Windsor Hall.	Albert Everett.	2 00
Grand Falls.	Simpson's.	The Misses Simpson.	1 00
Grand Falls.	Curless House.	Charles Curless.	1 50
Grand Falls.	Marathon.	Jas. A. Pettes.	1 50
Hampstead.	Vanwart's.	Isaac Vanwart.	1 50
Hampton.	Vendome.	S. McCurdy.	1 50 to 2 00
	Riverview.	G. M. Freese.	1 50 to 2 00
Hillsboro.	Empire.	Mrs. M. A. Foster.	1 50
Moncton.	Royal.	James Conway.	1 50
Long Reach.	Cedars.	W. B. Ganong.	1 50
Moncton.	Brunswick.	Geo. McSweeney.	2 00 to 2 50
	Minto.	P. Gallagher.	2 00 to 2 50
	American.	R. J. Wilkins.	1 50
Newcastle.	Waverley.	John McKeon.	1 50
Freemants.	Riverside.	J. E. Stocker.	1 50
Reed's Point.	Willows.	Hugh J. McCormick.	1 50
Bathurst.	Kent.	Geo. A. Irvine.	1 50
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Bethel.	Belle View.	D. A. Pugaley.	1 50 to 2 00
Shankville.	Kennedy's.	Mrs. Joseph Keunedy.	1 50
St. Andrews.	Brunswick.	Thos. Estabrooks.	1 50 to 2 00
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Sussex.	Weldon.	J. D. Weldon.	1 50
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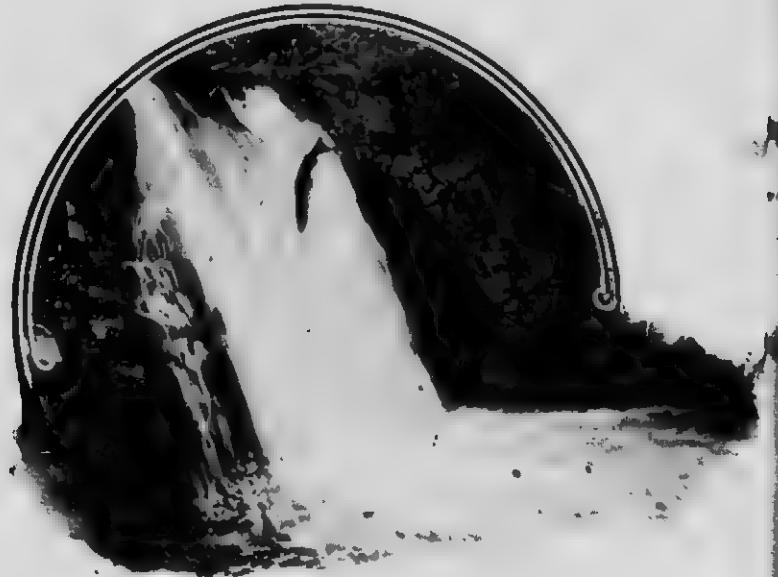
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